The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13.

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.

VOL. XXIV. BOSTON, OCTOBER 3. 1874. NO. 23.

For the Myrtle.

Alphabetical History of the Saviour.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

A was the Angel announcing the son;
B Bethlehem where his life was begun;
C was the Child who was laid in the manger;
D was the Daystar that dawned o'er the stranger;
E was the East whence the Magi first sought him;
F was the Frankincense worshippers brought him;
G was their gifts for the holy young boy;
H Herod who wished his young life to destroy;
I was the Innocents slain by his hand;
J was Jesus safe hidden in Egypt's fair land;
K was Kinsfolk with whom he went up to the feast;
L the Law in the temple he read to the priest;
M was the Miracles wrought by his might;
N Nicodemus who sought him at night;
O was the Orison he gave for example;
P the Palsied he healed at the gate of the temple;
Q was Questions the Jews thought would Jesus ensnare;
R was his Rest by the well of Sychar;
S was the Sea where he walked as on land;
T the Tempest he stilled by his simple command;
U was the Uproar the Jews round him made;
V the Vision of angels he saw in the shade;
W was the Watch upon Mount Olivet;
X the Xephoids, or swords, wherewith Christ was beset;
Y was the Yielding for sinners his breath;
Z was Zion bowed down in despair at his death.

C. M. S.

An ingenious person has discovered that the three most forcible letters in our alphabet are NRG; that the two which contain nothing are MT; that four express great corpulence, OBCT; that two are in a decline, DK; that four indicate exalted station, XLNC; and three excite our tears, yet, when pronouuced together, are necessary to a good understanding, LEG.

They thought I couldn't make a speech
I'm such a little tot!
I'll show them whether I can do
A thing or two, or not.

Don't be afraid to fight the wrong.
Or stand up for the right —
And when you've nothing else to say,
Be sure you say, "Good-night."

Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller.

For the Myrtle.

A Dog Sto-

STORIES of celebrated cats and birds have often appeared in the MYRTLE, and many wonderful things told about them. Dogs too have not been forgotten, and I think more really wonderful things could be told about these faithful intelligent animals than about all the cats in the world.

A little dog story some time ago came to my knowledge, which I am inclined to tell the young lovers of dogs who may be readers of this paper, feeling sure it will please them.

In a certain beautiful town in the State of New York, lives a remarkable dog, whose name I am sorry to say I have forgotten, although it well deserves to be remembered. I think I will call him Don after a dog I once had. If you were to see him on week days you would say,

"Why, really I see nothing about this Don different from other dogs. He barks, runs after cats, and likes a good piece of beef as well as ours!"

All this is true, but wait, dear, until Sunday comes, then you will open your eyes, for then his peculiarities and sectarian principles shine out with extraordinary brilliancy. In fact his exam-

ple is most worthy of being followed by beings of our own superior race.

Don is a wise dog, knows how to count, so is able to tell when Sunday comes. *Then* you should see him! He is not the same dog as on other days. He is sedate and proper. He indulges in no pastimes. He encourages no company and no familiarity. If a neighboring dog presumes to make him a call on that day, with stately gravity he marches to the gate, where taking his stand, he with solemn gestures dismisses the unreasonable guest, saying to the trifling, irreligious fellow, as plainly as actions can say,

"Six days shalt thou play and do all thy sports, but Sunday is the Sabbath wherein no dog should play!"

The family to which Don belongs are all Presbyterians, and you would naturally suppose that he would adopt the same faith. But no, Don has decided religious proclivities of his own. He is a staunch Methodist. But he knows what is due to politeness and is never wanting in a proper respect for his supeiors. On Sunday morning, therefore, he attends the family on their way to church, takes respectful leave of them at the door of the house of the Lord where they attend, and then holds on his solitary and unbroken way to his own place of worship, which is a little further on. When he has reached his church, he walks sedately up stairs to the place where he always sits, and which is, as a general thing, punctiliously reserved by his fellow-worshippers, for his especial accommodation. But occasionally an intruder gets into his place, and then you should see him! No velvet-robed, diamond-decked lady, or fashionable belle who goes sweeping up the aisle of the most fashionable church, and finds a plebeian stranger in her aristocratic pew, can possibly give more decided indications of disgust than does Don. He stands motionless at the door of his pew — dignity in all his bearing, a fine scorn of the uncivil interloper betrayed in the magnificent curl of his lip and nostrils, until the seat is vacated, when he walks calmly in and, taking his seat, gives undivided and most decorous attention to the service, weighing with dogmatical precision every word of doctrine, and joining in the singing with a little wail under his breath.

Don is no fair weather Christian, let me tell you. Every Sunday, in winter and summer, in fair weather and foul, he can be seen on his way to church. No vacation in July or August is is claimed or taken by him. No celebrated orator at any other church has power to draw him away from his own. His denominational preferences are as well known and as thoroughly established as those of any gentleman in town, and there is no prospect of his falling from grace, and deserting his colors. Should he unfortunately do so, I will not fail to tell the melancholy fact to the young readers of the MYRTLE.

C. M. S.

Hasba and Rajab.

The approaching darkness and the chilly evening air had driven the children in-doors. The lingering twilight had prevented the lighting of the evening lamps. Their mother had been sitting by the window while the children were at play; and had heard their words and noticed their actions, and, though she said nothing when they came in, there was a shade of sadness on her face.

"Will you please light a lamp, mother?" said Susie.

"Would you not like a story, first?" asked the mother.

How quickly that question drew the children around their mother with eager responses!

"Is it a true story?" asked little Fred, as he dragged his chair close to his mother's feet.

"What the story teaches is true," answered the mother.

As soon as they were all in a listening position, the mother began:

"In a far-off eastern city, there was a wonderful street, through which all boys who came to the city to seek employment were obliged to pass; while, unknown to them, persons watched their conduct, and at the farther end, their employers decided what they would do for them by these observations.

"One morning, two bright boys, Hasba and Rajab, entered the city and commenced their walk through this street. Now, in this wonderful street, there were rare jewels of great value, and bits of gold and silver, wrought into elegant forms. These were scattered about carelessly, among decaying vegetables and fruits, and loathsome remains of animals.

"As they went on, Hasba began eagerly to collect the beautiful things that he saw. Here, he found an emerald all full of soft green light:

there, a diamond flashed forth its beauty. Farther on, a dainty, golden bird attracted him, whose eyes were rare jewels.

"As he advanced, he found more and more beauty. Pearls were there; and gems of which he had never heard flashed forth colored light and hurried his eager footsteps.

"But what was Rajab doing? He was first attracted by a half-eaten orange, which he put into his basket. Next, he picked up a rotten banana. And in this way he went on, filling his basket with bits of decaying fruit and vegetables, a bird's carcass, a bit of camel's skin, and even with filth too loathsome to name."

"O mother, such a thing couldn't be true. No boy could be so foolish," said Willis, the oldest of the children.

"Do you feel very sure, my children, that you never do anything as foolish?"

The children looked at each other and at their mother with an air of perfect astonishment, and said,

"Mother, you know we wouldn't be so foolish."

"Listen to me," said the mother. "From earliest childhood you have been taught pure and good things. You have been taught to use good words, and to avoid the use of those that are vulgar and low. You have been taught that right acts and good and pure words would lead you up towards everything high and noble, and that vulgar words and low actions would lead you down towards everything mean and degrading. And yet, while observing your play to-night, and listening to your words, I was shocked and saddened to hear words dirtier than anything that Rajab picked up from the gutter of that eastern city; while you left, lying unused, pearls and diamonds in the shape of pure, sweet words. Was Rajab so very foolish, after all?"

The children blushed and said nothing; so the mother continued,

"You, children, are passing through the street of childhood and youth. Your words and conduct, while passing through this street, will have an influence on all the remaining part of your journey. In the books you read, in the teachings of the Sunday School, of the day school, and of your parents, there are diamonds and pearls and emeralds of thought, which, if you pick up and use, will enrich you forever. But, all around you, there are the rottenness and filthiness of bad, low, vulgar language and indecent actions; and, strange to say, these are picked up eagerly by boys, — yes, and girls too, — in preference to the treasures of pure, sweet words and noble and right actions. There are too many like Rajab."

The children looked very sober and thoughtful, as their mother lighted the evening lamps.— *Myrtle.*

A Child's Resolve.

It is not what I do next week,
But what I do to-day;
Now is the time to strictly watch
All that I think and say.
I might resolve a thousand times
To be good by-and-by.
And yet remain a naughty child
Until the day I die.

I must begin this very hour
To find out what is right;
Then I shall surely fail, unless
I try with all my might.
For 'tis so easy to go on
In selfish, careless ways—
To let the time go idly by,
And thus waste all my days.

I'll learn my lessons well at school,
Although I'd rather play;
I'll listen very carefully
To what my teachers say;
And if my mother needs my help
When I want to go out,
I'll do exactly what she says,
And neither fret nor pout.

I mean. I'll try to do all this;
But first I'll kneel and pray;
And ask my Saviour for his help
To keep me good all day;
And if I should forget to be
Obedient and mild,
He'll help me try again; for he
Was once a little child.

Western.

Washington, was visiting a lady in his neighborhood, and on leaving the house, a little girl was directed to open the door. Turning to the child, he said,

"I am sorry to give you so much trouble, my dear."

She replied,

"I wish, sir, it was to let you in."

"YOU must mind your P's and Q's. Miss Eliza," said an elder sister to a little girl.

"I suppose, then, I must be pert and quarrelsome."

"No, said the sister, "you must be polite and quiet."

The Sluggard.

Sometimes stories are told by words, and sometimes by pictures, or illustrations. The story of the sluggard is here told by illustration; and if our readers will carefully look out the references given in this picture, in the book of Proverbs, as we hope every one will, they will find the story in the words of the wise man. And we shall leave our readers to make their own application of the story.

For the Myrtle.

The Rescue.

"THERE will be a wild storm to-night, father. Do you see how the clouds are gathering?"

This question Katie Flinn asked of her father on the afternoon of a summer's day which had been very hot and sultry.

"I see those clouds," Mr. Flinn replied. "I have been watching them for a long time. God pity the men who are out at sea to-night. They will all wish they were in safe harbor before to-morrow's sun rises."

"We must keep the light brightly burning to-night, father. It may be that we shall save some poor tempest-tossed vessel in that way."

Katie spoke of the light in the lighthouse, of which her father was the keeper.

"Yes, Katie, we will do that. I think there has not been a night in the ten years that we have been here, when more faithfulness was needed."

"Did you ever hear the sea sound more dismally?" asked Katie, shuddering.

"I don't know that I did," her father replied. "But do not let us think of it more than we can help. It will be better for us to busy ourselves in doing our evening duty, and God will take care of the winds and the waves."

Katie took her father's advice willingly, and ran up the stairs lightly to do the work that had to be done each evening in the lighthouse. She tried to forget everything but the work she was doing and kept singing gaily all the time as she worked, and yet she could not keep her mind off the storm, and from time to time she would peep out of the lighthouse windows, at the terrible black clouds that were growing every moment thicker and blacker out over the sea.

"I am sure I shall not sleep much this night," she said to herself. "I shall dream of drowning people if I sleep at all, I'm sure I shall."

With these thoughts Katie finished her evening work, and went to her pillow, after she had said her prayer and kissed her father good-night.

While she is taking her sleep, I must tell you, dear children, something more of Katie than you now know. She was a lonely girl, for she and her father lived alone on the island. They had moved there ten years before, when Katie was a very little girl, not more than five years old. Her mother was living then, and the three had borne life very bravely while she remained with them. But four years before the time of which we write, the mother had died, and since that time Katie and her father had been lonely indeed. Yet they were wise enough to know that no good could come of repining, and they tried each day to be as patient and cheerful as they could possibly be in so solitary a lot.

Katie made herself very useful. She could row a boat as well as her father, could catch fish faster than he, and tend the lobster pots fully as well; and about all the duties at the lighthouse she was as responsible as if she had been the person appointed by government as the light-keeper.

Do you not think that being so good a girl, she deserved to sleep well, even if the wild storm did rage without? I agree with you that she deserved the quiet sleep, but with all her quietness of heart and ease of conscience she rested very little on the night of which I write. Many times she crept off her bed and tried to look out on to the sea. But the night was so dark that she could see nothing, and hearing the wild winds blow, and the sea roar, was all the more terrible as her eye could not penetrate the darkness.

But at length the day began to break, and Katie's face was pressed to the window watching the first grey of the dawning.

"Oh father," she cried, "get up, do. There is a ship wrecking close here to the island."

Mr. Flinn sprang out of bed when he heard what Katie was saying and running up into the lighthouse looked with the spy glass out to sea.

Surely it was as Katie had said. There was a large schooner not far away from the island, that had wrecked in the storm, and was fast sinking. With the glass he could see the men clinging in the rigging, and he knew that the poor fellows had but a few more moments to live, unless help could reach them.

Katie had followed him into the tower, and as soon as she saw what the case was, she said,

"Come quickly, father. We must reach them with the boat."

"I do not think the boat would live in this sea."

"We must try it, father. If we go down it will be no worse for us than for those poor fellows yonder."

While Katie was saying this, she had bounded down the staircase and reached the shore. Her father followed as quickly as possible, but before he reached her she had shoved the boat off and was ready with the oars to battle the wild sea. And a battle it truly was, for never did a little boat live when it had a greater struggle than did this.

Many times it seemed that it was certainly sinking, but it righted again, and the strong arms and brave hearts within it, drove it on toward the sinking ship. They reached it at last, just as it went down, and took six men from the foaming sea into which they were cast.

"Oh, thank Heaven," said Katie, "that our lives were spared to save these other lives."

And the rescued men all joined in the thanksgiving.

Was it not beautiful that Katie should have thought to thank God for her life because it was of use to others?

How many of you, dear children, offer thanksgiving in this way?

Mrs. E. M. Bruce.

A MAN feels relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work, and done his best; but what he has done, or said otherwise, shall give him no peace.

Gypsy Ann.

MAMMY calls me Gypsy Ann,
'Cause I stays out in the sun.
Says I'll be a "black and tan,"
But I has such lots of fun.

Chasing butterflies and bees,
(They aint cooped up in the shade),
Hoeing corn and — let me see,
Digging with my little spade.

Climbing fences, hunting eggs,
Playing "buff" and "hide and seek,"
But I sometimes gets so tired,
That I most can hardly speak.

I'se been playing all the day,
'Spect I'm mamma's Gypsy Ann;
For I know my face is red,
May be it is "black and tan."

Drandpa calls me "little pink,"
Says I am so sweet and rosy;
Says he means to plant me out
Like another little posey.

But I tells him to be sure
That he plants me in the sun;
Then I'll grow so very sweet —
But I 'spect he's just in fun.

But I is so tired now,
Dess I'll find my 'ittle bed.
I'se so sleepy, may be God
Sinks my 'ittle prayer is said.

Little Watchman.

The Three Sieves.

"Oh mother!" cried little Blanche Philpott, "I heard such a tale about Edith Howard! I did not think she could be so very naughty. One—"

"My dear," interrupted Mrs. Philpott, "before you continue, we will see if your story will pass through the three sieves."

"What does that mean, mother?" inquired Blanche.

"I will explain it. In the first place, is it true?"

"I suppose so; I got it from Miss White, and she is a great friend of Edith."

"If you can prove it to be true, is it kind?"

"I am afraid it is not. I should not like Edith to speak of me as I have spoken of her."

"And is it necessary?"

"No, of course, mother, there was no need for me to mention it at all."

"Then put a bridle on your tongue, dear Blanche, and don't speak of it. If we cannot speak well of our friends, let us not speak of them at all." — *Christian Weekly.*

The Gleaners.

SCENE.—*A priestess standing beside a shrine. Enter eight young girls in white, bringing gifts and singing*

THE GLEANERS' SONG.

We come, we come, from the happy realms
Where the queen of the harvest reigns;
To bring the fruit of the bending trees
And the wealth of the waving plains.

In every field where the reapers passed
We have sought for the Gleaners' tithes;
We gathered the grain that grew unscathed
In the wake of the silver scythes.

We come, we come, to our Priestess' shrine,
Bringing with joy our harvest gifts—
Fruit of the field and the clusters fair,
Culled from the vineyards' purple rifts.

[*As they enter, they form themselves into a semicircle about the shrine.*]

PRIESTESS.

Welcome happy gleaners, welcome,
Glad your generous gifts I take,
Dear to me are all earth's blessings,
Dearer still for love's sweet sake.

FIRST GLEANER.—[*Bearing a small sheaf of wheat which she lays about the shrine as she recites the last of the stanza.*]

In fields where low the bearded wheat
Bend in the summer sun,
With patient toil from morn till eve,
This little sheaf I won.

PRIESTESS.

Thy gift is gold, O gleaner fair!
Earth has no other gold so bright;
Well hast thou toiled, and for reward
I crown with wheat thy forehead white.

[*Crowns her with wreath made of heads of wheat.*]

SECOND GLEANER.—[*Bringing a cluster of ears.*]

From plains where like a bannered host
Tall grew the ranks of corn,
The offering for the snowy shrine
I gleaned at early morn.

PRIESTESS.—[*Crowning her.*]

Thanks, gentle gleaner, thine shall be
This wreath of amber ears;
May peace and plenty crown thy life
Through all its coming years.

THIRD GLEANER.—[*Bringing a basket of apples, pears and grapes.*

Fruit from the orchards' bending boughs
On thy white shrine I lay,
And grapes within whose nectar sleeps
The sunshine's prisoned ray.

PRIESTESS.

I take thy generous gifts, sweet child;
Our Father's love they show;
To him, the giver of all good,
Our daily thanks we owe.

[*Crowns her with a wreath of berries.*]

FOURTH GLEANER.—[*Placing upon the shrine a basket of nuts.*]

Fresh gathered from the forest glen
These russet nuts I offer here;
Hard is the shell, but hid within
Is wealth the winter eve to cheer.

PRIESTESS.

Dear gleaner, let thy woodland gift
A lesson wise to thee repeat;
That all life's problems hard enclose,
Truth like a kernel rich and sweet.

[*Places on her head a crown of nuts.*]

FIFTH GLEANER.—[*Basket of flowers.*

I bring from my garden's blighted beds,
Where Summer weeps for her treasures lost,
These last of the buds and blossoms bright,
Gleaned in the wake of the hoary frost.

PRIESTESS.—[*Crowning her with flowers.*]

I crown thee, child, for thy sweet gift,
With summer memories rife:
May fairest flowers of faith and love
With fragrance fill thy life!

SIXTH GLEANER.—[*Basket of Autumn leaves.*]

Where the Autumn winds through the sighing trees,
Like a winged reaper passed,
I gathered for thee these beautiful leaves,
On the forest carpet cast.

PRIESTESS.—[*Crowns the gleaner with Autumn leaves.*]

Dear gleaner, may our hearts receive
This lesson from thy largess fair:
As summer's greenest leaves at last
The richest wealth of color bear,
So lives by living acts kept green
The brightest hues in death shall wear.

SEVENTH GLEANER.

Earth's mysteries vast, with reverent zeal,
My hungering spirit sought to know,
And here I bring the fruit I gleaned
From fields where trees of knowledge grow.

[*Lays a scroll upon the shrine.*]

PRIESTESS.

Thou hast done wisely, gentle one,
No other trees bear fruit so fair,
And the guerdon of thy toil
The laurels green thy brow shall wear.

[*Crowns her with a wreath of green leaves.*]

EIGHTH GLEANER.

I bring no gift, and yet I gleaned
In fields where whiter harvests wave—
In human fields where to and fro
The busy hands of Satan go—
And from the reapers' ruthless scythes
I sought one little sheaf to save.

PRIESTESS.

Thine is the highest, noblest toil
That loving hearts and hands can find,
And blest are they whose joy it is
These living sheaves for God to bind.
No crown of leaves or gold have I
To lay upon thy sunny brow—
O happy gleaner, thine shall be
The crown that angel hands bestow!

[*Turning to the others.*]

For each of these fair heads, I trust,
That shining crown in heaven is stored,

It waits for all whose patient hands
Toil in the vineyard of the Lord.
And now, dear gleaners, ere we part,
Let us in song our voices raise
To Him whose ear bends low to hear
His loving children's hymns of praise.

[*With folded hands they kneel and sing*

THE GLEANERS' HYMN.

O Thou, whose eye of love
Looks on us from above,
Low at Thy throne
We kneel to-night, and pray
That gleaning day by day
Our grateful hearts alway
Thy hand may own.

Thine are the waving fields,
Thy hand the harvest yields,
And unto Thee,
To whom for rain and dew,
And skies of sunny blue,
Our love and praise are due,
We bend the knee.

And when beneath the trees
In fairer fields than these
Our glad feet roam,
There where the bright harps ring,
May we our gleanings bring,
And in thy presence sing
Our harvest home!

School Festival.

The Loosened Tongue.

MARK vii. 31–37.

At the scene of our last lesson, when Jesus healed the daughter of the Syro-Phenœcian woman, he was "in the borders of Tyre and Sidon" near the Mediterranean sea. From that neighborhood he returned to the Sea of Galilee not the same way he went, but by a more northerly route, just outside the boundary of Galilee. This country was called Decapolis, a Greek word meaning "ten cities" because it contained ten cities under a common government. It was probably in one of these towns that the miracle of the lesson was performed.

It has been thought that Jesus returned through this outside country for the sake of the rest which he went away from Galilee to seek. But it is more likely that he wished to show to his disciples and the world that good works should be bestowed freely on all, Gentiles as well as Jews. This long journey of the disciples, with their Master, through a foreign country, and the many miracles they witnessed showing the Saviour's love for all men, must have been very instructive to their narrow Jewish minds.

"They brought unto him one that was deaf, and had an impediment in his speech." This is an affliction with which we are all familiar. Defects of hearing and speech go together; although the trouble is not with the organs of speech but only with those of hearing. Those who are born deaf do not simply have "an impediment" in speech, but cannot speak at all. The child learns to speak by hearing others. The deaf-mute does not speak only because he cannot hear others, and therefore has no means of learning spoken words. When the sense of hearing is lost after one has learned to speak, he may still remember how to talk, although he can no longer hear it; but his speech will probably become more and more imperfect. We see this in children who are made deaf by scarlet fever or other disease, and who gradually forget how to talk, though they talked readily before. It seems that this deaf man with an impediment in his speech had not been so afflicted from his birth, but had lost his hearing by some disease.

We showed in a former lesson-talk how much worse was the condition of the insane in our Saviour's time than in ours. This was also true of the deaf and dumb. Now they are gathered into asylums and taught to read and write, and even to speak by motion of the lips. But then nothing was done to make their affliction easier to bear. They were taught nothing and could have no communication with others except by rude signs; and their condition must have been much more lonely and sad than now.

The Saviour's compassion was touched. He wished to relieve the man of his trouble, for his own sake, but not to excite the wonder and astonishment of the crowd. So he took him aside, where he might perform the cure privately. This was one of the miracles where Jesus laid his hands upon the man in order to heal him. He touched his tongue and put his fingers into his ears. He also looked up to heaven, and sighed, or prayed inaudibly in direct asking for his Father's help. The writers of the Gospel besides describing this also gives us the exact word that fell from his lips, in the language then spoken by the Jews, — "Ephphatha," that is, Be opened.

"And straightway his ears were opened, and the string of his tongue was loosed and he spake plain."

The man may have been tongue-tied as well as deaf, and for this reason the Healer touched his tongue as well as his ears. Or the expression "the string of his tongue was loosed" may only mean that he now spoke freely instead of imperfectly. Jesus charged him to tell no man, but his gratitude could not be silenced. It could not have been from a wish to disobey but because of his overflowing joy, that he published it abroad. And it is from this miracle that we have that beautiful tribute of praise now so dear to all Christians, "He hath done all things well."

This was one of the many miracles of compassion. And though human compassion cannot work miracles it can work in the same spirit. All our hospitals for the care of the sick and asylums for the insane and blind and deaf and dumb, owe their existence to the Saviour, — to that spirit of compassion and good-will that he showed on earth and left among men. And to each one of us comes the lesson to show the same kind spirit according to the utmost of *our* opportunity and power. The incident has also another lesson for us. It is that we should appreciate what a blessing it is to possess our faculties unimpaired. As we have never been blind or deaf or dumb or insane, we do not realize what our senses are worth to us. But if the man who had suffered for years the loss of his hearing and speech, was overwhelmed with joy at their recovery, how much more should we rejoice who have never suffered that loss! And let us as we appreciate these blessings use them worthily. Better be deaf than put ourselves continually in the way of hearing the language of wickedness and vulgarity and blasphemy. Better be dumb than use the tongue for such language. When we speak, in the beautiful psalm-words of the golden text, let the Lord open our lips and our mouths show forth his praise.

"O let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess."

THE MYRTLE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY THE

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE
37 Cornhill, Boston.

CHARLES CAVERLY, Jr. Agent.

TERMS — PAYMENT TO BE MADE IN ADVANCE.

Single copy, or less than ten, 75 cents per year.
Ten or more copies sent in one package, *without names*, to one address, 50 cents each per year.